

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Aug 12. 1909

Monday.

My Mother,

It was no good trying
to answer a letter dated
Inchor Car somewhere on the
Road to Arignos. If you
had given me a proper
address you should have
had a letter on New Year's
Day precisely, with a
sentimental retrospect, -

melancholy anticipation
(I have just been writing that
phrase somewhere; & I never
I can get the sound of my
own writing ^{out} of my head.
That's what comes of being
as selfish as I am.
I shouldn't wonder if God
struck me dead & blasted
me blind & set my own
tunes grinding perpetually
through my brain, as penance)
Well - when are you coming
back? It is already

next year. How was your party?
I never envisaged (as the French
have it) anything so ghastly.
I think of the long white roads,
the dusky huns at night,
the intelligent R American
with her Guide Henry James,
or Violet with her practical
instincts all alone, for fear
a smelly water. How is
Ozzy - & how is your expense,
with all its delicate tendrits.
Whenever we have Fleming
for dinner, I think of you.

Nothing has happened to me,
except that I have found out
two long articles, for the Times.

One upon Bowick I think rather
good. its for the work
of imagination I turn hot & cold
one it, & all my friends tell me
its no good for me to write
a novel. They say my
creatures are all cold blooded,
like those ^{NIPU} same Herrings.
But you dont, my Violet, do you?
Ever since we found two groves
together you have seen that my
passion was for love & humanity;
though it has had to kindle
through depths of green water.
Gabriel has cut a tooth.
hem & Oliver are very flourishing -
so happy, that I think of marriage.
Write to me.

AS.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Jan 15 - 1909

Thursday.

Mr Violet.

I am distressed at the
accounts of your accident, but
thank God that France
grows sturdier.
You really are too complicated
to keep in motion -
Perhaps you were an air
animal, born before your
time; or perhaps you are

Some curious bit in Convent's
Larvini. Once you swim
over the House of Parliament,
or Westminster Bridge
Road, when ^{NYPL} they were under
water. But a few
walking in dry land -
Providence never made you
for that. Throw this
theory at your doctor.
I meant to explain that

if you skip Greece, with all its
painful memories. You will
Come to Italy next autumn.
It isn't amusing at all - as
your housemaid asked (with a
fine critical taste) that it
should be. But I have
written nothing whatever that
she would pass. What glory it
would be to amuse your
housemaid!

I have just come back from
the Freshfields, where I
talked for long stretches
about Tolstoy. W^m-F. he

lost the use of her right arm,
 & has a good deal of brain,
 but she seems to me a
 valiant woman, who keeps
 afloat, & shews her head with
 the last French review, & the
 last English memoir.
 'So convenient for my daughter
 that I can read: they can
 leave me alone!" old
 people are either tragic or very
 happy. That sounds deep-
 vent think too much what
 it means. It is not really
 meant for a concurred brain.
 I was forgetting.
 What are my shoes!
 J. S.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

March 1909

My Violet,

I was beginning to wonder
whether some saying,
blasphemous & obscene,
overhead in the underground,
in which your name
occurred, had been repeated
to you by - God know
who - Elia Crane - who
is never guilty of
indiscretion besides - is
not in London. Adrian

been in bed with a bad cold,
 & is now tolerably recovered.
The Quaker is very bad. She
has to have a nurse, &
I can't understand what's
the matter, but I think it
sounds rather serious. I
saw her two weeks ago,
We were to have stayed
this week, but she put us
off indefinitely. I can't
have you to tea on Wednesday -
because I am having a

tea party that day, to which
Beatrice is going to meet
Lady Blodine I hope. Could you
come next Monday or Tuesday?
I would try to get Rena -
but I don't know whether Julian
could be brought too.

I have been writing - oh - a 2-2
book review of a book by a woman
who had a child before she
married - Mrs. Henry Cust -
apone for it by studying medieval
Germany properly. My

review is going to deal with
the subject of the illicit passions
in a masterly way - & to suggest

better mean of penitence. Then. I
am going to write about
the Carlyle love letter.
The Times, you see, gives me all
his subtle & doubtful positions
to discuss.

NYPL

I would come & see
you if you liked.

3 ~~MS~~

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

March

1909

My Victor,

May I come to tea on
Wednesday? My
tea party is shivered
to atoms.

Don't answer, if
Wednesday does.

W.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

[1909]

My Violet,

Thank you for sending
the book.

Shall I come & see you
again? I imagine that
you are too busy.

Adrian & I think of
taking a steamer in
the middle of the
night & landing at
St. Paul, as the first

Cock rises to crow on Easter
day. There is a night when
the Bird of Dawning crows
all night long. I have
been a craven, & left my
gentleman to go to his
concert alone. He sent me
a ticket for tonight.

^{The Quaker}
He shakes sounds very
bad; but there is a great
reticence in naming internal
complaint, as I know nothing
definite.

Wale - I wish I ever saw
you: a fine spirit, like
some pale taper in a glass -
Do you see yourself - glowing
all night long - the flame streaming
like a living V.